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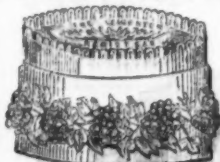
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 122.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

GRAND FOOTBALL MATCHES.

MANCHESTER LIBERALS v. MANCHESTER TORIES.

THE subjoined deeply-interesting account of a football match, which will probably be played at Manchester some time next year, has been furnished us by our own prophet, who will relate his vision in his own terms, and in the past tense. The following comprised the teams:—
Liberals: R. N. Philips (captain), Jacob Bright, and the Mysterious Stranger, three-quarter backs; Robert Leake and Samuel Watts, half backs; John Slagg, back; Stanway Jackson, Benjamin Armitage, Thomas Ashton, Dr. Pankhurst, W. Angus, Henry Lee, T. B. Waters, W. Agnew, W. Mather, and Robert Whitworth, forwards.

Tories: J. W. Maclure (captain), Hugh Birley, and W. H. Houldsworth, three-quarter backs; James Croston and W. Touchstone, half backs; Rodney O'Shea, back; Tom Rose, W. E. Stutter, J. Maltby, W. Blatherwick, H. H. Howorth, William Sikes, Boniface Bung, T. A. Stowell, Vere de Broadacres, R. Haworth, and W. W. Goulden, forwards. W. E. Gladstone officiated as umpire for the Liberals, and S. Northcote for the Tories.

The choice of goals fell to the Tories, who selected the side at which it was supposed the wind was in their favour. Play commenced at eight o'clock in the morning with a kick-off by Maclure for the Tories, which, however, was promptly stopped by Philips, and, being then kicked into the Home Rule side of the field, was pronounced a dead ball. A loose sort of scrimmage then took place, in the course of which Stutter got a bad knock in the eye, and Blatherwick a heavy fall, which necessitated his leaving the field. The Liberals had all this time been acting on the defensive, but the Mysterious Stranger now took up the ball, and by a magnificent run forced it into the Tory goal, amidst ringing cheers from his side. This was followed almost immediately after by the gain of a second goal by Jacob Bright, who threw it at the Tory goal-keeper and knocked him into the middle of next week. The Tories were now thoroughly alarmed, and began to work in earnest. Their luck, however, continued as bad as ever, chiefly owing, it would seem, to the unaccountable inability of their men to get past the public-house not far from the Liberal goal. They managed after some trouble to score a touchdown and two tries, neither of which succeeded; but in the scrimmage nearly all the players fell on Houldsworth, and knocked every gasp of breath out of his body, of course further weakening the Tory side. Maclure, the Tory captain, had by this time got thoroughly heated, and, running an indiscriminate muck against everything, capsized Birley, Maltby, Sikes and Stutter, the latter of whom, in his justifiable resentment, threatened to appeal to the arbitration of International Law. In the meantime, the Liberals had not been idle, but in several instances their enthusiasm did as much harm as good. Angus, after a splendid dribble, gave the unoffending ball such a hideous kick that it flew right over the fence and through the window of an adjoining Church, where it knocked over the parson just as he was quietly meditating on the singular fluctuations of the living market. Play was then stopped a few minutes for refreshment, during which the Tory side were observed deep in consultation. The result of their council was soon evident. By a more judicious placing of his men, Maclure managed at once to secure a try. He then touched down and passed, afterwards scrimmaged and tried again, then touched down and tried in goal, made a well-concerted rush, turned a summersault, jumped Jim Crow, tore his hair, ran in, ran out, and finally exploded with a loud report, and amidst a blaze of glory. The explosion, however, was fatal to his side. Tom Rose was killed on the spot by one of the fragments, Touchstone vanished with a howl, and took refuge in the aforesaid adjacent Church, from which he was ejected by the verger, who did not know

him. Howorth immediately moved an amendment, and, on being hooted down by his own side, produced his Mongrel history, and with it knocked down everybody who came near him. As the match threatened to end unpleasantly, it was agreed that the sides should separate and begin again. This time the fortune of war went altogether in favour of the Liberals. They scored goal after goal until their figures stood at 20,000; the Tories having in the meantime only gained 15,001. On these figures being attained, the Tories had another short run of luck, but they had been so badly mauled that they could make but little use of it. T. A. Stowell came to grief by a bad fall over an enormous "H" dropped by Croston, who in his turn succumbed to a ball thrown by O'Shea—that gallant soldier having mistaken Croston's gold eyeglasses for the windows of the Reform Club. After a few more scrimmages, brilliant runs, dribbles, tries, touchdowns, passings, well-concerted rushes, touches in goal, black eyes, and incarnadine noses, time was called at four o'clock, when the figures stood as follows:—Liberals, 29,999 goals; Tories, 18,002 goals. It is but fair to add that the Tories attribute their defeat chiefly to the extraordinary conduct of Maclure, who, now that he has been put together again, is deeply sorry for his heedlessness, but finds that sorrow will not mollify the *Standard's* wrath.

CHURCH HORNETS v. DISSENTING WASPS.

These two famous clubs met on the ground of the former yesterday. The turf was in rare trim, the weather was all that could be wished, and it is roughly estimated that 500,000 persons, most of them ladies, were present. Knox-Little (the Reverend) kicked off for the Church Hornets precisely at 3-14½, and a fierce, but interesting, scrimmage immediately followed. The Dissenting Wasps stuck well together, and played so smartly into each others' hands and feet that they soon carried the ball back to the centre. Here Fraser (the Bishop) and Cowie (the Dean) made sundry desperate efforts to get away for the Church Hornets; but they failed. Maclaren (the Doctor) and Mc.Kerrow (also the Doctor) put forth the most heroic efforts to turn the tide in the interests of the Dissenting Wasps; but the Hornets wouldn't let them. At length a good run was made by Knox-Little (the Reverend), who was just as cleverly caught by Mc.Caw (the Reverend), the two going down together all of a heap. A violent scrimmage followed, in which Haworth (the Reverend), Marshall (the Reverend), and Stowell (the Reverend) greatly distinguished themselves on the side of the Church Hornets, and in which, also, Gardiner (the Reverend) and Thomson (the Doctor) performed the work of giants on the part of the Dissenting Wasps. At this stage several unfortunate and unpleasant incidents occurred. The spectators became so excited that at least one thousand free fights took place between the partisans of the rival Hornets and Wasps. But the passion of the spectators was as nothing compared with the passion unhappily shown by the players. Fraser (the Bishop) all but gave Maclaren (the Doctor) a black eye, and Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor)—it was said unintentionally—dealt Cowie (the Dean) a kick which a medical gentleman present at first said would necessitate the amputation of the whole right leg, although, we are happy to add, the said medical gentleman immediately changed his mind, and Cowie was able to continue to play with even more than his accustomed skill and "go." Just as things were looking very ugly, unpleasant, and unpromising indeed, Knox-Little (the Reverend) came away with a dash, and a scrimmage was formed on the goal line of the Dissenting Wasps. Haworth then cleverly gained a try for the Church Hornets, not far from touch, but, amidst the yells of the Churchmen and Churchladies present, Burton failed to utilise the same. Not long after the take out, a brilliant run by Reid (the Reverend) secured a try for the Dissenting Wasps

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almost in touch in goal; which Moinet (the Reverend) utilised in grand style amidst the tremendous and deafening hurrahs of the thousands and thousands of Dissenters on the ground. The warmth on either side grew more and more intense. Fraser's wrath was kindled. A good deal of general play ensued. Fraser (the Bishop) finally went off with a rush, the ball under his left armpit, the Dissenters after him like a nest of Wasps, as they were. Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor) collared him cleverly; but Fraser (the Bishop) adroitly passed the ball on to Cowie (the Dean), who in his turn safely delivered it to Knox-Little (the Reverend), the said Knox-Little gaining some dozen yards when he lost his balance and went down like a block of wood. Talk about scrimmages! The world never before witnessed a scrimmage like unto the scrimmage which followed. High-born and low-born swells flung their hats in the air, and never saw them any more. Ladies fainted and perished from view in tens and hundreds, being trampled under foot by the excited and enraged crowd. But, oh! these Church Hornets and Dissenting Wasps! They pushed, and struggled, and tussled like so many antediluvian heroes. At length, Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor) seized the bounding ball and went off with all the speed of a cannon-ball. Eluding one Church Hornet after another, Mc.Kerrow scored one of the most magnificent goals that man ever made. The shouts which rent the air could never be imagined, far less described, by the poor pen of mortal man. Half time was called, both Hornets and Wasps liquoring up, which was right, and changing their guernseys, wet with honest sweat, in the very presence of blushing ladies, which was wrong. Ends were now changed, and Steinthal kicked off for the Dissenting Wasps, Clarke (the Doctor) making a really splendid return drop. This, Goodwin backed up with a long and fine dribble. He was finally charged by Gaskell, but Atkinson, who was in close attendance, went on with the ball and all but secured a try. A maul ensued between Fraser and Heywood for the Hornets and Isaacs and Hamer for the Wasps, ending in a goal for the former. Resuming, Cowie was prominent with a useful run for the Church Hornets, but Kiddle neutralised it with a good dribble. The only remaining point to notice was a most beautiful dribble by Knox-Little to within some half-a-dozen yards of the Dissenting Wasps' goal posts. A cool run and long drop by Maclaren (the Doctor) averted the danger, and left the ball in the centre, no side being then called. Thus—in the most memorable match of the season, so far—the Dissenting Wasps won by two goals to one scored by the Church Hornets.

The following were the respective teams, which, though something like putting the cart before the horse, we give at the tail-end of our report:—

Church Hornets: T. A. Stowell and W. J. Knox-Little (the Reverends), backs; Woodhouse (Canon) and C. Marshall (the Reverend), three-quarter backs; James Bardeley and A. Haworth (the Reverends) half backs; Bishop Fraser (captain), Dean Cowie, W. J. Kidd, Augustus Atkinson, Frank B. Wright, Gustavus Matthew Barton (the Doctor), John Goodwin, Joseph W. Clarke (the Doctor), and Henry R. Heywood (all the Reverends), forwards.

Dissenting Wasps: Alexander Maclaren (Doctor) and W. Gaskell (the Reverend), backs; Mc.Gaw (the Professor) and David M. Isaacs (the Rabbi), three-quarter backs; Alexander Thomson (the Doctor) and W. Mc.Caw (the Reverend), half backs; W. Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor), captain; Thomas Hamer, S. A. Steinthal, A. Gardiner, J. Mc.Fadyen, J. W. Kiddle, John A. Reid, Charles Moinet, and W. Rigby Murray (all the Reverends), forwards.

We have given these reports precisely as they reached us. To sub-edit them was out of the question, for the language used by football reporters is quite beyond our comprehension. Piles upon piles of similar reports have also come to hand, but we unceremoniously basketed them, as football matches don't possess the importance in our eyes that they evidently do in the eyes of our light-hearted daily contemporaries.—*Ed. City Jackdaw.*

ON A PROPOSED MEMORIAL.

WE used to say "Nil nisi bonum,"
The dead had faults, but we condoned 'em;
Now we must give the dead a bonus,
Or his committee wont condone us.

But there's some pleasure in thus giving,
For he who bored us so when living,
Whose would-be wisdom was so trying,
Earned his memorial by dying.

G. L. DARBY,

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LITERARY "TRANSLATIONS."

IF "to err is human," there is a great deal of humanity connected in one way or another with a newspaper office. There errors on errors' head accumulate, and in great measure inevitably, for a natural and sufficient reason. The modern daily paper is the outcome of a combination of a number of complicated forces, to each of which is attached the ordinary liabilities of fallible men, and it is easy to see how, when working in conjunction, a blunder may arise, repeat itself, and finally assume a form so ingeniously distorted as to defy any attempt at tracing the course of its transformation. A reporter, for instance, goes from Manchester to Hughtenden to report Lord Beaconsfield. He hands his manuscript to a telegraph clerk. Telegraph clerk No. 1 perhaps punches the tape, and telegraph clerk No. 2 has to deliver the message, while telegraph clerk No. 3 receives it at the Manchester end. He writes upon thin sheets of paper, and these are laid before the compositor. There are thus at least five separate opportunities for mistakes to be made between the delivery of the speech and its appearance in type, and having regard to bad handwriting, the eccentricities of the telegraph wire, and the difficulties of the compositor working at high-pressure from "flimsy" copy—and that only a passage isolated and without context—it is very easy to see that, without stupidity or intention on the part of any one person engaged in the process, the finished speech in type may be filled with strange, irritating, and funny blunders.

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but there is no mistake as to the persons alluded to in Schiller's verse:—

"If Faustus really had a hand
In printing, I can understand
His fate, that legends more than hint—
The Devil takes all hands that print."

IN THE SPRING.

[BY A NOVICE.]

THE gentle spring has come at last,
With ecstasy I greet her;
The woes of winter now are past—
My soul goes forth to meet her.
Awake, my muse!
Do not refuse
To help me sing
About the spring!

The tender little buds appear,
The thrushes sing with gladness;
The time of leaves and light is near,
Which urges them to madness.
All nature seems
To wake from dreams;
My muse, arise,
And wake likewise!

The meadow laughs, and all the banks
Are gay with vegetation;
The little lamblins play their pranks
In innocent elation.
The very bees,
And things like these,
And snails and slugs,
And also bugs
Of various sort,
Are full of sport.

I love to watch each bird and beast
Enjoy itself in reason,
Although the wind is in the East,
As at the present season.
I like to see
Each budding tree;
I never tire,
But still admire.

I love to see the primrose pale,
In sheltered places cluster,
Although it sleets and blows a gale—
In vulgar terms a bu'ster.
It is the spring;
That is the thing.
Oh, thought sublime!
Oh, joyous time!

For, though the chilly gale may be
A source of tribulation,
The name of spring awakes in me
A glad association—
When I was young
My songs were sung
In lighter strain;
There was no pain.

Ah, days of youth for every frown!—
For, in the days in question,
The rheumatism was unknown,
And also indigestion—
No cough nor cold
To make one scold,
No cold nor cough
To make one scold!

And so, although I'm young no more—
He is a cruel thing, Time—
I love to ponder as of yore
Upon the joys of springtime.
In warmest clout
Those joys I note;
In thickest duds,
Regard those buds.

But still, in spite of all my wraps,
My bones are somewhat chilly;
It strikes upon me that, perhaps,
My conduct has been silly.
Why not abuse
The spring, my muse,
Beside the fire,
I may inquire?

'Tis true there are no thrushes here,
Nor buds nor bees to look at—
My wife avers that, if there were,
She wants the fire to cook at.
With her, romance
Has got no chance—
I think she might
Perhaps be right.

Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!
(Which is exactly eight "ohs")
She now is running to and fro
With saucepans of potatoes.
And to the spring
No more I'll sing—
I can no more
Upon that score.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. ARONSBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconveniences which arise from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.

almost in touch in goal; which Moinet (the Reverend) utilised in grand style amidst the tremendous and deafening hurrahs of the thousands and thousands of Dissenters on the ground. The warmth on either side grew more and more intense. Fraser's wrath was kindled. A good deal of general play ensued. Fraser (the Bishop) finally went off with a rush, the ball under his left arm-pit, the Dissenters after him like a nest of Wasps, as they were. Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor) collared him cleverly; but Fraser (the Bishop) adroitly passed the ball on to Cowie (the Dean), who in his turn safely delivered it to Knox-Little (the Reverend), the said Knox-Little gaining some dozen yards when he lost his balance and went down like a block of wood. Talk about scrimmages! The world never before witnessed a scrimmage like unto the scrimmage which followed. High-born and low-born swells flung their hats in the air, and never saw them any more. Ladies fainted and perished from view in tens and hundreds, being trampled under foot by the excited and enraged crowd. But, oh! these Church Hornets and Dissenting Wasps! They pushed, and struggled, and tussled like so many antediluvian heroes. At length, Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor) seized the bounding ball and went off with all the speed of a cannon-ball. Eluding one Church Hornet after another, Mc.Kerrow scored one of the most magnificent goals that man ever made. The shouts which rent the air could never be imagined, far less described, by the poor pen of mortal man. Half time was called, both Hornets and Wasps liquoring up, which was right, and changing their gurnseys, wet with honest sweat, in the very presence of blushing ladies, which was wrong. Ends were now changed, and Steinthal kicked off for the Dissenting Wasps, Clarke (the Doctor) making a really splendid return drop. This, Goodwin backed up with a long and fine dribble. He was finally charged by Gaskell, but Atkinson, who was in close attendance, went on with the ball and all but secured a try. A man caned between Fraser and Heywood for the Hornets and Isaacs and Hamer for the Wasps, ending in a goal for the former. Resuming, Cowie was prominent with a useful run for the Church Hornets, but Kiddle neutralised it with a good dribble. The only remaining point to notice was a most beautiful dribble by Knox-Little to within some half-a-dozen yards of the Dissenting Wasps' goal posts. A cool run and long drop by Maclaren (the Doctor) averted the danger, and left the ball in the centre, no side being then called. Thus—in the most memorable match of the season, so far—the Dissenting Wasps won by two goals to one scored by the Church Hornets.

The following were the respective teams, which, though something like putting the cart before the horse, we give at the tail-end of our report:—

Church Hornets: T. A. Stowell and W. J. Knox-Little (the Reverends), backs; Woodhouse (Canon) and C. Marshall (the Reverend), three-quarter backs; James Bardsley and A. Haworth (the Reverends) half backs; Bishop Fraser (captain), Dean Cowie, W. J. Kidd, Augustus Atkinson, Frank B. Wright, Gustavus Matthew Burton (the Doctor), John Goodwin, Joseph W. Clarke (the Doctor), and Henry R. Heywood (all the Reverends), forwards.

Dissenting Wasps: Alexander Maclaren (Doctor) and W. Gaskell (the Reverend), backs; Mc.Gaw (the Professor) and David M. Isaacs (the Rabbi), three-quarter backs; Alexander Thomson (the Doctor) and W. Mc.Caw (the Reverend), half backs; W. Mc.Kerrow (the Doctor), captain; Thomas Hamer, S. A. Steinthal, A. Gardiner, J. Mc.Fadyen, J. W. Kiddle, John A. Reid, Charles Moinet, and W. Rigby Murray (all the Reverends), forwards.

We have given these reports precisely as they reached us. To sub-edit them was out of the question, for the language used by football reporters is quite beyond our comprehension. Piles upon piles of similar reports have also come to hand, but we unceremoniously basketed them, as football matches don't possess the importance in our eyes that they evidently do in the eyes of our light-hearted daily contemporaries.—
Ed. City Jackdaw.]

ON A PROPOSED MEMORIAL.

WE used to say "Nil nisi bonum."
The dead had faults, but we condone 'em;
Now we must give the dead a bonus,
Or his committee wont condone us.

But there's some pleasure in thus giving,
For he who bored us so when living,
Whose would-be wisdom was so trying,
Earned his memorial by dying.

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WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT between what the war party would like the British Lion to do and what the British Lyons will say at the forthcoming Conference there will be a vast difference.

That the reason why the *Manchester Courier* was so scurrilous over Mr. Gladstone's retirement from Greenwich is, that it fears the ex-Premier may stand for Manchester.

That the *Courier* and the Tory party may be excused for their wrath, since they know that if Mr. Gladstone came here Mr. W. H. Houldsworth would have to go elsewhere with his pedlar's pack of political smallware.

That the gentlemen who kindly look after Mr. Houldsworth's prospects in life are moving heaven and earth to get him elected as chairman of the Grand Jury at the next Assizes.

That Mr. Houldsworth's chief qualification for the post is his utter ignorance of the duties.

That the Tory party are perfectly willing to sacrifice the interests of the prisoners, into whose cases the Grand Jury make a preliminary investigation, for the sake of getting their candidate's name before the public.

That Mr. W. H. Houldsworth has no knowledge of the duties of the office, but has secured Sir J. Iles Mantell to help him.

That it is not very decent to attempt to place a young J.P. over better qualified men.

That it was cruel of the *Courier* to overwhelm its friend Touchstone by saying that at a Little Hulton Conservative meeting, on Saturday, he "explained and fully defended the policy and action of the Government in home and foreign affairs."

That it is a queer sort of policy which has to look to Mr. Touchstone for explanation and defence.

That the Government have given an order for war material to a certain local firm, and that, although the order cannot be completed for some months, the money has already been paid and an invoice sent, in order that the sum may come into the expenditure of the financial year ending on the 31st instant.

That such a word as this would to a wise nation be sufficient.

That next time a peace meeting is held in Hyde Park we had better send up a contingent of Lancashire lads.

That, if we did, the half dozen members of the Carlton Club who pay the wages of the Cockney roughs hired to disturb the proceedings would find the bill rather heavy, because a thousand Lancashire fists would entail a good deal of medical attendance.

That Mr. Charley is going in for the Common Serjeant-ship of London. That it would be a very un-Common Serjeant-ship if Mr. Charley got it. That Mr. Charley has got a big book of testimonials printed, and that the public would like very much to see it.

That, if he should unfortunately not succeed, Lord Cairns intends to vacate the Chancellorship in his favour.

That, however valuable from a melodic point of view, the tonic-sol-fa system evidently does not produce much harmony amongst musicians, as the interminable correspondence in the *Examiner* and *Times* proves.

That Thirlmere is quite eclipsing itself.

That the daily papers are engaged in a fierce struggle as to which shall have the longest reports each day.

That all the experts in the country are being called to give evidence on the subject.

That the Thirlmere coachman has been examined.

That so has Mr. Frank Buckland.

That the former swore that tourists care nothing about the water, but greatly admire the mountains.

That the latter solemnly said that the Manchester scheme would be a blessed boon both for Thirlmere fish and Manchester men.

That our own Spirit Merchant is to appear as a witness next week.

That he will produce papers to show that the presence of Thirlmere water in Manchester will very much improve the character of Manchester spirits.

That the said spirits have been villainous so far, but our own Spirit Merchant throws all the blame on the water supplied by the Corporation hitherto.

That he believes the gin-adulteration business will be heard of no more after Thirlmere is brought here, for, he affirms, Thirlmere water is fully equal to Manchester gin.

That our own Milkman has been subpoenaed by Sir Joseph Heron to face the Select Committee.

That, not only is he prepared to go, but he swears that after his evidence all opposition is bound to vanish.

That, if our own Milkman is well up on any subject, it is on this very vexed subject of water.

That he conscientiously believes in this Corporation scheme.

That he says ordinary mortals couldn't for the life of them tell the difference between Thirlmere water and thin milk—such as he serves.

That the Thirlmere scheme, if successful, will bring our own Milkman a handsome fortune in some short six months.

That our own Printer's Devil is also to be a witness.

That the rascal swore he wouldn't like to wash his dirty face in such beautiful water as that which the Corporation are going to bring from Thirlmere.

That we gave him a good hiding, and now he professes his willingness to swear whatever Sir Joseph and we consider best.

That Superintendent Tozer will be examined to-day in order to prove, beyond a doubt, that with Thirlmere water in Manchester the possibility of anything like a destructive fire occurring is unworthy of a moment's consideration.

That all the Black Men and Dark-complexioned Men and Women in Manchester are to give evidence, on Tuesday, to the effect that with water from Thirlmere they shall at last be able to wash themselves while as snow.

That—such is the purifying power of the water—with Thirlmere here vice will be vanquished and virtue victorious!

That the ferret of the Liberation Society, who merits to be promoted, smells another Church rat.

That Mr. Liehard—we beg pardon, Layard—will now probably wish that he had not been in such a hurry to communicate with the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent about Mr. Gladstone.

That, although a mechanical majority absolves him, it would not, to a man of honour, be pleasant to think that over 130 members of the House of Commons have voted him a sneak.

That the *Daily Telegraph* treats the matter with virtuously indignant solemnity.

That, solemn as it is, the public are disgusted with its Levi-ty.

A MANLEY JOKE.

Why is Manley Park the fittest place for "keeping up" St. Patrick's Day? Because of the *sham rocks* which are there.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

SOME stage-struck individuals would part with almost all they have to get behind the scenes. Not being up in such matters, not knowing the ropes, I cannot advise them how to proceed. But I can tell them of a plan by which, without much trouble or expense, they may learn a good deal about actors and actresses and public performers generally. The plan is this. Buy a copy of the *Era* newspaper and study the advertisements which appear in its pages. Every lady and gentleman in the profession appears to advertise in the columns of the *Era*. Those who are fortunate proclaim their success in the world; those who are the reverse let the world know that they happen to be "disengaged." Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and Mr. J. L. Toole announce where and how they are making their fortunes. Miss Jones, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith inform you what they can do on the boards when they only get a chance. As usual, the ladies sing their praises the loudest, as witness the following:—

MISS LIZZIE WATSON, the Dashing, Elegant, World-famed *Serio-Comic Comedienne*, will make her reappearance in London, after a successful Tour of Seven Years around the World. Engagements settled—**LONDON PAVILION, ROYAL CAMBRIDGE.** Address, De Frece and Holmes.

MISS NELLIE GERTINE, the Celebrated Double-Voiced Vocalist (deep Contralto and high Soprano), now fulfilling Twelve Months' Special Engagement with Cooper's Celebrated Combination of Varieties. *Shrewsbury Chronicle*:—"Miss Gertine's marvellous voice will alone repay a visit to the Hall."

MISS NELLIE L'ESTRANGE, *Serio-Comic Vocalist*, **THEATRE ROYAL, DOVER.**

Now fulfilling a brilliant successful Engagement of Eight Weeks. Two Re-engagements, and a Benefit. Kind-hearted Friends and would-be Agents please note this.

HERMINE! HERMINE! HERMINE! Empress of Song. Enthusiastic reception and immense success at **VICTORIA and OXFORD HALLS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**; Shields, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Barrow, London, Wigan, &c. Can arrange for Aquariums and Promenade Concerts during Summer Months.

Many of the announcements strike the uninitiated, like myself, as rather curious. These, for example:—

TIGHTS FOR THE MILLION.—Buy of the Maker, S. REID, Artist in Shapes and Theatrical Hosiery to all the principal Theatres. A large assortment of every description of Hosiery kept on hand, in Silk, Cotton, or Worsted. Country orders punctually attended to on remittance, and a perfect fit guaranteed. Manufactory, 87, LONG ACRE (five doors from the Queen's Theatre). N.B.—Every description of Animal Skins made to order.

WANTED, for Zoological Gardens, Clifton, Bristol, a Good **FUNNY COUPLE**, to complete Company for Fete, Whit Monday and three following days. Joe Perry send address. Those who do not keep their Engagements need not write. Send lowest terms to Secretary.

CHARLES LAND recommends his Professional Friends wanting **APARTMENTS** in **SHEFFIELD** to call at Mrs. WILKINS, 27, **CHARLES STREET**. "Old Pals," but not "Dear old Pals." F. Egerton will please write to me. Regards to Dunbar, Ritchells, and Jim the Scribe.

WANTED, **LOW COMEDIAN**, one that sings preferred; Walking Lady, available for Burlesque; and Gents, for responsible Business. Must dress well on and off the Stage. Address, with lowest terms, **JAMES GUYVER**, Stage-Manager, Mechanics' Hall, Thirsk, Yorkshires.

MR. EDWARD KERWIN, Premier Elephant Trainer of England, begs to inform Keepers and other Amateurs that he gives Lessons in Training and Performing to those desirous of aspiring to the acquisition of the art. Reduced terms to those acquainted with undersized animals or Rats.

WANTED, for Tenting Season, **EQUESTRIANS**, Clowns, and Sensation Performers or Novelties; also Agent, Tentmaster, Grooms, Washers, and Tentmen. Address, **GEO. GINKETT**, Circus, Cheltenham. Silence a polite negative.

One young man wants to learn "the circus business, without salary;" a pantomime clown seeks an engagement for "next Christmas;" a gentleman offers for sale "the Great Canadian Ox, weighing over a ton and a half;" and a dramatic author makes this appeal to managers:—

"TREATY OF PEACE."—New and Original Patriotic Drama, in Three Acts, by Mr. **GEO. L. GORDON**, who will be happy to arrange with Managers for its production. Strong domestic interest, stirring military incidents, and dialogue specially appealing to English patriotism. The Author will accompany the Drama, supported by one or two well-known Artists.

Address, **Haxell's Hotel, Strand, W.C.**
Viola Dacre please communicate.

Those who long to get behind the scenes, if unsuccessful in the theatre, may thus gratify their taste in some measure by turning to the pages of the *Era*.

LEO XIII.

THIS said that his new Papal Holiness wears
In feature and form every grace,
Then why not display his infallible wit
By styling himself Bona-face?

PLAYERS AND PLAYS.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S paper on "Players and Plays" was a praiseworthy production. Like all true artists, Mr. Irving magnifies his art—that is to say, he believes in its influence, stands up for its purity, and pleads with its representatives to resist every temptation to debase it. No attempt was made to deny or gloss over the fact that pieces are often put upon the stage which should never have seen light. "Heaven forbid," he said, "that I should seem to cover, even with a counterpane of courtesy, exhibitions of deliberate immorality. It is, unfortunately, too true that, in aiming at the tastes of those lovers of pleasure with whom unhappily the stage has been too long and too freely associated, theatrical managers have now and then been tempted to offer to vulgar delectation performances which, with the utmost charity, cannot be regarded as innocent in intention. Sometimes their bad attraction has consisted in a reckless and deliberate disregard for the decencies of costume. This is a matter about which it is easy to be prudish, and about which it is difficult to lay down rules. There is nothing in all nature purer than a *Rosalind* or an *Imogen*, and, if rightly treated, these characters are all the more striking from their appearance in male attire; but the slightest departure from the most modest taste, the faintest shade of meretricious, not to say indecorous, dressing is fatal." Far too many of our theatres have got into the habit of importing French pieces which, according to Mr. Irving, make a mock of domestic purity, efface from the minds of spectators the lines which distinguish a foul from a fair life, inoculate the feminine mind with rakishness, establish uses of confidence and familiarity which good men and chaste women had best avoid, and cover with gay ridicule the common-places of profligacy. These are strong words; but they are no stronger than the case warrants, even demands. The men who "adapt" these plays for production on the English stage are a sorry sort of creatures. Of love of art they have none. What they want is money, and they want to get that money, not as the reward of hard, honest work, but in return for their proficiency in pilfering and tinkering. Stealing thoughts here and "situations" there, they go to work very much as a carpenter does with the pieces of wood out of which he intends to construct a chair; and we have little doubt that the carpenter requires more intellectual effort on his part than these modern play-hacks do on theirs. The pity is that any theatrical lessee should encourage such men, that any lover of the stage should tolerate them and their dastardly doings. Better that no new play should be written in this age than that we should be held up to the contempt of succeeding generations. Mr. Irving was careful to point out that such productions are not in favour with actors. "They vince acutely and immediately," he affirmed, "at even the barest suggestion of evil in the parts assigned them. They often privately prophesy failure on this account, where unhappily the low taste of a paying public in the event secures success. And however in the course of a trying profession they may be called upon to overstep the necessarily somewhat indefinite line of absolute propriety, it is, I can answer for it, the firmest persuasion and deepest feeling of the best of them that if the public would mark that line more distinctly it would be greatly for the benefit of the stage and all its interests." Mr. Irving would like to clear the stage of all the moral filth and intellectual inanity which at present disgrace it. The stage for which he pleads is that for which Shakspeare worked and made immortal. "It is that which he would religiously have preserved, in defiance of all current immoral tastes. I advocate the stage, as at its best it is among us; as it may be in every theatre in the kingdom; as it would be if you, the public, would make it so. The cause is a good one. We actors go forth armed with the luminous panoply which genius has forged for us to do battle with dullness, with coarseness, with apathy, with every form of vice and evil. In every human heart there gleams a bright reflection of this shining armour. The stage has no lights or shadows that are not lights of life and shadows of the heart. To each human consciousness it appeals in alternating mirth and sadness, and will not be denied. Err it must, for it is human; and, being human, it must endure." Theatres which are made the scenes of immodest displays, gymnastic exhibitions, and the triumph of tomfoolery generally should be tabooed by the public. As long as men like Willis, Boucicault, and Byron live amongst us, healthy, interesting and clever new plays will not be wholly wanting; and, then, theatrical managers, who wish to degrade neither their establishments nor themselves, can always fall back upon the noble works left to us as priceless legacies by former generations—writings which prove that their authors, with stronger purpose, purer heart, and loftier inspiration, could do better and truer work in this department of literature than anyone amongst us can accomplish to-day.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Moerschams, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. }

WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

[BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.]

LONDON, Thursday (midnight).

THE chief topic of conversation in political and social circles is the announcement by Mr. Gladstone of his intended retirement from the representation of Greenwich. There is no doubt that the ex-Premier, overcome by remorse for his many crimes, is preparing to pass the remainder of his life in sackcloth and ashes, and thinks that by burying himself in obscurity he will escape the wrath of a nation which he has so basely betrayed. But his hope is vain. If I alone had to undertake his destruction, he should not be allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten gains in peace. Ill-gotten gains, I say, for it has positively come to my knowledge that he has been paid by the Russian Government for the work he has done for them no less a sum than five millions sterling, which has been sent over secretly in bags, and is now lying buried in one of the cellars of Hawarden Castle, waiting for use at the next general election, when a desperate attempt will be made to bring this country entirely under the thumb of Russia. I am not usually accounted bloodthirsty, but, with the knowledge I possess, I cannot but think that it would have been an inestimable thing for this country if the noble band of patriots who so successfully prevented the utterance of sedition in Hyde Park, last Sunday, had forced their way through the policemen who barricaded Harley Street, and had destroyed the traitor, who, to our everlasting shame, once held high office in the British Government. But no matter—the time will come!

Talking about the Hyde Park meeting, everybody is laughing at the sorry figure cut by Auberon Herbert, Bradlaugh, and their followers. No doubt you will have seen it stated in the newspapers which are subsidised by Russia, that Herbert and his gang were overpowered and maltreated by the party who are so gallantly led by Lieutenant Armit. Let me state positively that all this is pure fabrication. I myself saw Bradlaugh tearing his clothes to tatters in order that he might accuse the peace party of having assaulted him, and, luckily for the sake of truth, I also saw Herbert, several hours later, banging his head violently against the trunk of a tree in Bayswater Gardens, climbing into the branches and throwing himself off in order to get bruised, and also endeavouring to break his leg with a stick, merely in order that he might accuse those who refused to listen to his mendacious sedition of having scandalously and brutally maltreated him. I may also inform you, on the highest authority, that it was Herbert and Bradlaugh who, on the previous occasion, went and broke Gladstone's windows, and then endeavoured to fasten the odium on the peace party. The result of their baseness was that the police magistrate fined some inoffensive citizens for the very act which, as I have proved beyond all doubt, was done by these men. Such conduct is really too shocking to be believed, if I had not stated it.

Apropos of Bradlaugh, I may relate a good thing said the other day by an intimate friend of mine, a member of the episcopal bench. Bradlaugh was announced to deliver a lecture, called "A few words with the Devil." "Ah," said my friend the Bishop, "Mr. Bradlaugh is going to have a few words with the Devil. Well, I've no doubt that, if it comes to argument, Mr. Bradlaugh will get the best of it. But one of these days the Devil will have a few words with Mr. Bradlaugh, and then the Devil will get the best of it." The episcopal witticism is, of course, conclusive against Bradlaugh.

I was with my friend the Prince the other day in St. James's Park, when, with that genial frolicsomeness which is so characteristic of the man, he proposed that he should get weighed in one of the chairs kept by old women for that purpose. I am sure that your readers will learn with intense pleasure that Wales weighs 15st. 6lbs. 2½ozs.

As all details of their future king's mode of daily life will be interesting, I may put in a few facts which I have collected from his Royal Highness's cook, through her brother, who is my milkman. It speaks volumes for the pleasant, homely, English character of Wales, that he should take half-a-pint of stout in the morning before dressing, and I am no less glad to say that he generally eats a mutton chop or a devilled kidney for breakfast. His Royal Highness has for some time given up wearing shirts which fasten at the back, as he finds front fastenings more convenient. He also usually wears very light boots, a fact I can attest from personal experience, as he, in one of his humorous moods, did me the other day the distinguished and unparalleled honour of kicking me down stairs.

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the representation of Greenwich

is still the chief topic of conversation, and I do not exaggerate when I say that nearly every constituency in the kingdom would be glad to secure him as its representative. To be represented by such a man is indeed an honour of which any community might be proud, for, despite the foolish, unreasoning hatred with which the right hon. gentleman is regarded by a small but noisy minority of the people, he will go down to posterity as one of the greatest and most useful men that this country has produced. My own belief is that if the kingdom could be polled to-morrow on this question, three-fourths of the people would say that it is due to Mr. Gladstone's noble efforts that we have not been involved in a disgraceful and probably a disastrous war.

It will be observed that there is a considerable discrepancy between the statements of the first paragraph of our correspondent's letter and those of the last. The explanation is this. Late last night our correspondent telephoned to us to leave out the latter paragraph, which he had put in by mistake. He had written it for a Radical journal, for which he also corresponds, but in a moment of absent-mindedness, to which genius is liable, he put it into our letter. Unfortunately, by the time the countermand came, the paper was being printed, and we could only stop the press to insert this explanation of what might otherwise appear a singular self-contradiction.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

FROM the instructions which have occasionally appeared in the columns of the *Jackdaw* recently, our readers will be aware that matrimonial advertisers have been by no means scarce of late. We ourselves have drawn attention to numerous advertisements emanating from ladies and gentlemen who desire publicly to announce that they are on the look-out for partners, but this week we have come across an advertisement, appearing in a Manchester daily contemporary, which deserves the immediate attention of all those who may happen to be the guardians or parents of young ladies. The ladies themselves have, of course, an interest in the matter, but they are not the only persons concerned. This is the advertisement:—

A Gentleman, with extensive business in Manchester, desires to marry at once a Lady with about £2,000; can offer good position and happy home in the outskirts; any lady or gentleman giving advertiser an introduction which should lead to marriage will be liberally remunerated. Address X 167, at the printers'.

What an opportunity! Remembering how many excellent parents there are who are dying, as the phrase goes, to get their marriageable daughters off their hands, we can quite understand what a commotion such an advertisement as this will create. To be able not only to get rid of your daughter but to pocket a "liberal remuneration" for introducing her to this gentleman, who must be so terribly hard-up for lady acquaintances—why, the thought is absolutely ravishing. Needy brothers, cousins, friends, may all enter the lists as competitors for this grand prize, and we ourselves have been casting about us in the hope of remembering some such lady as the one required, but the only qualification named—the £2,000—has proved the great barrier in our way. Plenty of girls, proper sort of girls, present themselves to our mind's eye, but they don't possess the requisite amount of coin, and the consequence is that their chance of a husband and our chance of a "liberal remuneration" fade away into nothingness. Of course there may be others who know charmers possessing the requisite money consideration, and we trust that this "word to the wise" on our part may be the means of affording one of our readers the satisfaction of standing by, chinking his sovereigns, whilst the gentleman in an "extensive business in Manchester," and "a good position and happy home in the outskirts" becomes joined in wedlock to a lady whom he has had the pleasure of introducing. We only ask that we may privately be allowed the privilege of knowing the amount of the remuneration.

ORATORIOS BEFORE THE DELUGE.

OUR musical readers may perhaps have supposed that oratorios have only been produced during the last few hundred years. It appears, however, from the remarks of the London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier* that this is quite a mistake. The writer in question, when referring to a new oratorio produced at Brighton, a few days ago, remarks that the composer is "quite a young man," and then goes on to say, that the two oratorios he produced before *The Deluge* did not take well. The musical tastes of the people prior to the Deluge would not, we imagine, be sufficiently advanced to appreciate oratorios, and the want of success of the composer cannot, therefore, be wondered at. But how about the composer being "quite a young man," if he composed oratorios so long ago, and how did he escape the Deluge? We never heard of him being in the Ark.

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.
Boxes, 10s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

UNION CLUB SNOBBERY.

THE Union Club cultivates mediocrity. It is determined that its members shall not be overshadowed by men of eminence in any walk of life, and it never runs the risk. We do not say that some of the most eminent men in Manchester are not amongst its numbers, but such men have, without exception, been admitted within its walls before they attained to any degree of position or of prominence in the city or in the county. Almost any boy who can find a sponsor, or any Nobody who will pay the entrance fee, can gain admittance; but it is quite a different thing if a candidate for admission is a politician, or a large merchant, or a public man of any sort. Last month the leader of the Liberal party in Manchester, and the leader of the Tory party, were both blackballed to the astonishment of outsiders. Envious Tories came in scores to keep out Mr. Maclure, and being there, at any rate, they said "No" to the application of the friends of the Liberal leader. As a matter of fact, Mr. Maclure got more Liberal than Tory votes, while his opponent in politics had the entire support of the Liberal party. On Wednesday there was another ballot at the Club, rendered necessary by the shutting up of the Prince's Club, and, out of twenty names sent up for ballot, three gentlemen were blackballed.

Several small boys were admitted without question, and a dozen nobodies found easy entrance; but the Club blackballed three of the best names on the list. An Englishman was blackballed because he and his family are prominently identified with Liberal politics and are profuse in their support in time and in money of all Liberal movements. The Englishman was proposed and seconded by Mr. H. M. Steinthal (a member of the committee) and by that most estimable and inoffensive of men, Mr. Oliver Heywood. Still, even with such credentials, the Englishman was blackballed, and to us it seems strange that his proposer and seconder can remain, with any self-respect, members of the Union Club; but we very much doubt—indeed, we are certain—that neither of those gentlemen has backbone enough to retire from a community in which they have been wantonly insulted.

Another victim was the Manchester partner of one of our very largest German shipping houses, and his sole offence was that he had risen rapidly over the heads of many of his competitors, and that, as we have shown, is a deadly offence in the eyes of the mediocre members of the Union Club. Politics had no part in his case, for, as far as he knows, he is a Conservative, and he is, we believe, a member of the Club "over the shops" in Cross Street. He is a young man, but then he is a merchant prince, and hence his exclusion from the gilded saloons in Mosley Street.

The third of the blackballed was a Scotchman, the Manchester head of one of the very largest East Indian houses in town, and the irony of the situation is complete when we state that his junior partner has long been a member of this gigantic dining-room. What the Scotchman has done to offend, nobody can tell, except this—that his house has left other houses many leagues behind in the race for eminence.

The Union Club should take warning. Some years ago the Concert Hall, in Peter Street, pursued a policy somewhat similar to that now followed by the Union Club, but when Mr. Hallé introduced free competition into music the Directors of the Concert Hall had to face apparent annihilation. The Directors took a long time to learn that free competition could produce better music, a better room, and better manners. At the Concert Hall, elderly ladies continued to flirt with obese military officers, and to talk all through the most delicate movements on the piano. Candidates had been on the books for ten years in the vain hope of gaining admittance within the gilded chamber. Exclusion and bad manners reigned supreme in the Concert Hall until they could be borne no longer, and Mr. Hallé was induced by some enlightened men to give us better concerts in the Free Trade Hall. To these people do not go exclusively to flirt, and to talk, and to laugh, for popular opinion is omnipotent there, and it will not tolerate vulgarity. With the introduction of Mr. Hallé's concerts in the Free Trade Hall, the Concert Hall began to die, and, instead of the old *hauteur* and exclusiveness, the Concert Hall people were fain to go hat in hand to those whom they had considered "the common people." Anybody with money can now become a subscriber to the Concert Hall; the monopoly has broken down, and nothing remains of its old characteristics except perhaps its want of manners.

The big dancing saloon in Cheetham Hill at one time tried on the same rôle that the Union Club is now playing, and it, too, nearly came to grief. The managers of the Assembly Rooms were firmly and fully impressed

with the idea that they were the gentlemen who gave "tone" to Manchester society. But circumstances were too much for them, and now-a-days they do not inquire too minutely whether Mr. Jones is an advanced Radical or not, for they are only too glad to get subscribers of any sort. So, as we have said, the Union Club had better look out in time, for the same fate that befell the Concert Hall and the Assembly Rooms may soon come to them. Already the Union is far from a happy family. In some measure it lives on charity, for the rent it pays, owing to the wise arrangements of its founders, is merely nominal. The town authorities, too, have hitherto treated it as if it were a poorhouse, for not long ago they only rated it at £500 a year, and even now it is only rated at £1,250 a year, which is £400 a year less than is paid on the Upper Rooms over the shops in Cross Street, where Mr. Maclure reigns supreme. Is it not a gross injustice that the wealthiest club in Lancashire, which has nothing but yellow gold to boast of, should be rated as if it were an infirmary for out-patients? We shall watch with interest the next assessment, and we know that if it is not quadrupled several important citizens will know the reason why. It is insinuated in some quarters that the Committee of the Union Club has some occult influence over the Poor Law authorities, but we do not believe it, and we are sure that it cannot prevail against the demand for an equitable assessment.

GO IT, OLD WOMAN!

WE give the following without note or comment. Need we explain that it is a cutting from a leading article in the *Courier*?

"Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Dr. Baxter Langley will again stand for Greenwich. The case of the latter gentleman is even more pitiable than that of the former, since his retirement from the political arena of the tea-and-shrimp-consuming borough is altogether involuntary. In one sense it cannot be alleged that Dr. Baxter Langley would have been an altogether unworthy colleague of Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Baxter Langley had thoroughly accepted the principles upon which the spoliation of the Irish Church was carried out. In this respect he was quite prepared to back up the gentleman who would have been his colleague if Greenwich had been altogether given over to Gladstonian views in reference to what ought to be the standard of public morality. It was, however, Dr. Baxter Langley's misfortune that he attempted to introduce the political principles which were predominant during the period of the late administration into commercial business. The sad consequence of this inability to recognise the real nature of the conditions, under which alone Gladstonian maxims of commercial morality may be safely acted upon, is that Dr. Baxter Langley is, at the present moment, in prison. Such a conclusion to a career in which an earnest devotion to Gladstonian principles has been the chief characteristic must, of course, be somewhat disheartening to the Liberals of Greenwich. Dr. Baxter Langley's present occupation, of course, unfits him for being a proper representative for Greenwich. It seems that, from different causes, Mr. Gladstone is also incapacitated from sitting in the House of Commons as the representative of Greenwich. Oakum-picking and wood-cutting, in fact, appear to be about equally incompatible with the duties which a member for Greenwich is expected to perform."

THE GALLANT MAJOR.

AMID the cheap display of bellicose patriotism which has been distinguishing a number of volunteer corps in this country during the past few weeks, we have wondered what had become of Major Charley, M.P., and his contingent of Middlesex Volunteers. Surely, we thought, the loyal William Thomas will rush like a lion to the prospective fray; surely he will be one of the first to lay himself on the altar of that "pure patriotism" which he so grandiloquently extolled not many weeks since at Pomona! We waited and watched, but he made no sign. At last, we have discovered why the gallant major has not cast himself in a fit of heroics at Britannia's feet. The fact is, he believes there are better fish to fry. Nothing having "turned up" in regard to colonial judgements, Mr. Charley is reported to have sent in an application for the lucrative office of Common Serjeant of the City of London which has become vacant by the election of Sir T. Chambers to the post of Recorder. A London correspondent states that Mr. Charley's "testimonials fill a neatly printed book," and adds:—

"There are not only testimonials for this specific candidature, but all the good words—even to ordinary letters of introduction—that have ever been said of Mr. Charley or his works have been collated, and put into black and white. Looking through the list, the marvel is that so estimable a gentleman has not produced a certificate of vaccination, or a testimonial from his teacher that he never played truant. Methinks that, notwithstanding all his excellent qualities, the common councilmen of London will say, like the lady in the play, he 'doth protest too much.'" If Mr. Charley will kindly favour us with one of these "neatly printed" books, we will undertake to review it, and we have no doubt that our estimate of its merits would guide him materially in his future applications for a "situation."

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

Pots, 184d. and 2s. 9d.

A VOICE FROM VOYSEY.

IT may not be generally known—but it is a fact, for all that—that the Rev. Charles Voysey, formerly a Church of England clergyman, does his best in Langham Hall every Sunday to put the world right as to theology and religion. At present he is indulging in a series of swinging flings at the Gospel of St. John. Mr. Voysey is desperately hard on St. John. He charges him with exaggeration, deliberate lying, and all sorts of sins. Preaching recently on "The Raising of Lazarus," Mr. Voysey wound up with these words:—

"But the credibility of the story is still more shaken when regarded from a religious point of view. Supposing it were all strictly true, I ask myself, and I ask you, my friends, whether there be the smallest comfort or consolation or hope to be drawn from this story? It only proves, even if true, that Jesus brought back into earthly life one who had already gone through the dark valley of death, only to die again in later years, to go through all the pain and dread and darkness of that last hour over again—yes, to die twice—to be twice wrung instead of once with the grief of separation, and to inflict twice in the lifetime of those who most loved Lazarus the pangs of a last farewell. Ah! little dreamed he who put together this tale, how bitterly strong is human feeling when ripened by higher knowledge and a nobler faith; how the love of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives, and parents, would forbid a recall from the grave of any of the beloved dead, if it were only to issue in the repetition of their worst human sorrows. The writer must have been strangely destitute of natural affection, and of any proper belief in the life to come, if he could think that Christ in raising Lazarus had done him any kindness, or that sisters could be so selfish as to wish to drag back again to earth the soul of their dead brother out of its home in heaven. Not for our best and dearest would we ever breathe a prayer that the dark valley once passed should ever be recrossed. We wish to go to them, not that they should come to us. We love them too well to wish that God would put them back in the great journey to immortal bliss, and change a new found life of light and freedom for the old and abandoned fetters and darkness of earth. Believe me, it is not the mere marvellousness of miracles which is the greatest hindrance to our acceptance of them, but it is the terrible thought that, if true, they place God further off than before, and leave us kneeling before the shrine of an absent God, scarcely less silent than Baal, or less heartless than Moloch; they intensify and deepen our estrangement from our Father, and cloud our pathway to His presence with a darkness that may be felt."

We often hear it argued in favour of the union between Church and State that a National Church can afford to be broad enough to tolerate all manner of men in its ministry, and allow all sorts of views to be propounded from its pulpits. The English Church would need to be broad indeed to contain clergymen of the Voysey stamp.

NOAH.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THEY call him, with a solemn face,
The saviour of the human race—
Oh, priceless benefaction!
But I could never clearly see
What benefit accrued to me
From that absurd transaction.

Now, if his glories are rehearsed,
'Tis true that he invented first
The art of navigation.
It matters not to me a pin,
For, when at sea, I'm always in
A state of dire prostration.

For me, if it had happened so
That I had had the chance to go
Aboard his ark of Gopher,
I would, at risk of being drowned,
Upon the dry and solid ground
Have stayed, a long chose loafer.

Moreover, I would this suggest
That life is but a bore at best—
A weariness, a bubble.
Old Noah like a brick behaved,
Eight precious human lives he saved—
'Twas hardly worth the trouble.

And then the thousand whips and scorns
Of time! the agony of corns!
I have no hesitation
In wishing, in the coldest blood,
That Noah had allowed the Flood
To drown the whole Creation.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

ONE of the "circumstances" under which a naughty juvenile was brought before the magistrates at the Manchester County Police Court, the other day, was stated in one of the evening papers as follows:—"Latterly the boy had become very unruly, his uncle had no control over him, and was, moreover, dishonest." What an exquisite disregard of the laws of libel and grammar! Surely an apology is due to the prosecutor, who had been robbed by his nephew.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is one of the ablest, and perhaps the most promising, officer in the British Army. His paper in the *Nineteenth Century* this month contains a vast amount of valuable information about our land forces. "At no previous period of our history," he says, "have we ever been so strong in a military sense as at present. In 1854 we were very weak in field artillery; the military force in these islands was under 70,000 men, and there was no reserve whatever beyond some pensioners, who were too old for field service. Were war declared to-morrow, about 400,000 drilled men would fall into line if required, supported by 372 field guns, manned and horsed by the Royal Artillery. That number would roughly be made up as follows:—

Standing army at home	99,000 men
Army and Militia Reserve	40,000 "
Militia	85,600 "
Volunteers	180,000 "
Second-class Army Reserve	10,000 "

Total 414,000 men"

This, no doubt, is true. But does Sir Garnet Wolseley mean to say that this army of 414,000 men would be a well-appointed and fully-equipped army in all respects? Where are the Artillery and the Cavalry to act along with the Reserve, Militia, and Volunteers? They simply don't exist. It may be unwise to grumble; it is foolish, at least, to close our eyes against the actual truth.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:—"The other day, on passing the end of one of the side streets off Oldham Street, I noticed a man, evidently a foreigner, with a number of birds in a cage, which was raised on a pedestal. A placard over the cage announced that these remarkable birds could tell any person's past and present for one penny. The charge not being exorbitant, I paid the humble coin. The man then opened the door of the cage, and out walked one of the birds, which picked out a piece of paper from hundreds of papers arranged in front of the cage, and handed to me the following, as my fortune:—"PLANET OF THE FORTUNE FOR A GENTLEMAN.—By the star of your fate it is evident that you will have many enemies on account of your great success in business; you will have to guard against one especially who will pretend friendship to you, and try to gain your confidence; but if you are wary you will outwit him. There is a woman also who will prove more dangerous; she will try to entangle you in a trap: she will partly succeed, but in the end you will prove your innocence and regain the confidence of your friends. You will live to be 78 years old." You will admit that this was good considering the charge; for, after all, what can you expect for a penny?"

THE bare possibility of Mr. Gladstone's consenting to come forward as a candidate for Manchester when he leaves Greenwich has created a good deal of pleasurable excitement in the Liberal party, and a good deal of nervous anxiety at the Conservative Club. The Liberals are naturally delighted at the idea of having such a representative, and the Tories are proportionately anxious because they know that the forlorn hope which Mr. W. H. Houldsworth has undertaken to lead for them will become more hopeless still if it had to be led against such an opponent. There may possibly not be much reason for either feeling. Probably, Mr. Gladstone himself has not made up his mind as to the course he will adopt, and there is no doubt he will have some difficulty in choosing between the numerous boroughs which will aspire to the honour of being represented by him. There are, however, some reasons for believing that he may be induced to give Manchester the preference. There is an especial fitness in the representation of great constituencies by great men, and the greatest constituency in the kingdom ought to be represented by the greatest man.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Offices, 52 and 85, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTILACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,
Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.

JOHN BELLARS.

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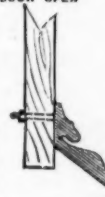
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

MARCH 15, 1878.

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ON Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 25th, 26th, and 27th March, a Cheap EXCURSION to LINCOLN will run as under:—
Manchester (London Road), 7-50 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 8-0 a.m.; Oldham (Clegg Street), 7-35 a.m.; Stalybridge, 7-5 a.m.; Ashton, 7-9 a.m.; Stockport (Tiviot Dale), 7-10 a.m.; Newton, 8-6 a.m.; Dinting, 8-20 a.m.; returning from LINCOLN (Holmes Goods Yard) at 6-10 p.m. each day.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.

On Wednesday, 27th March, a Special Express Train, conveying First Class Passengers only, will leave Lincoln (G. N. Station) at 5-45 p.m., for Liverpool (Central Station), reaching there about 8-50 p.m.; and a Special Train, conveying First, Second, and Third Class Passengers, will leave Lincoln (G. N. Station) at 6-0 p.m. for Liverpool (Central Station), reaching there about 9-20 p.m.; and a Special Train conveying First, Second, and Third Class Passengers, will also leave Lincoln at 6-35 p.m. for Manchester and Liverpool, reaching Manchester about 9-15 p.m., and Liverpool about 11-15 p.m.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester,
March, 1878.

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WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
HUNT'S BANK, Manchester, March, 1878.

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